4-30-1959

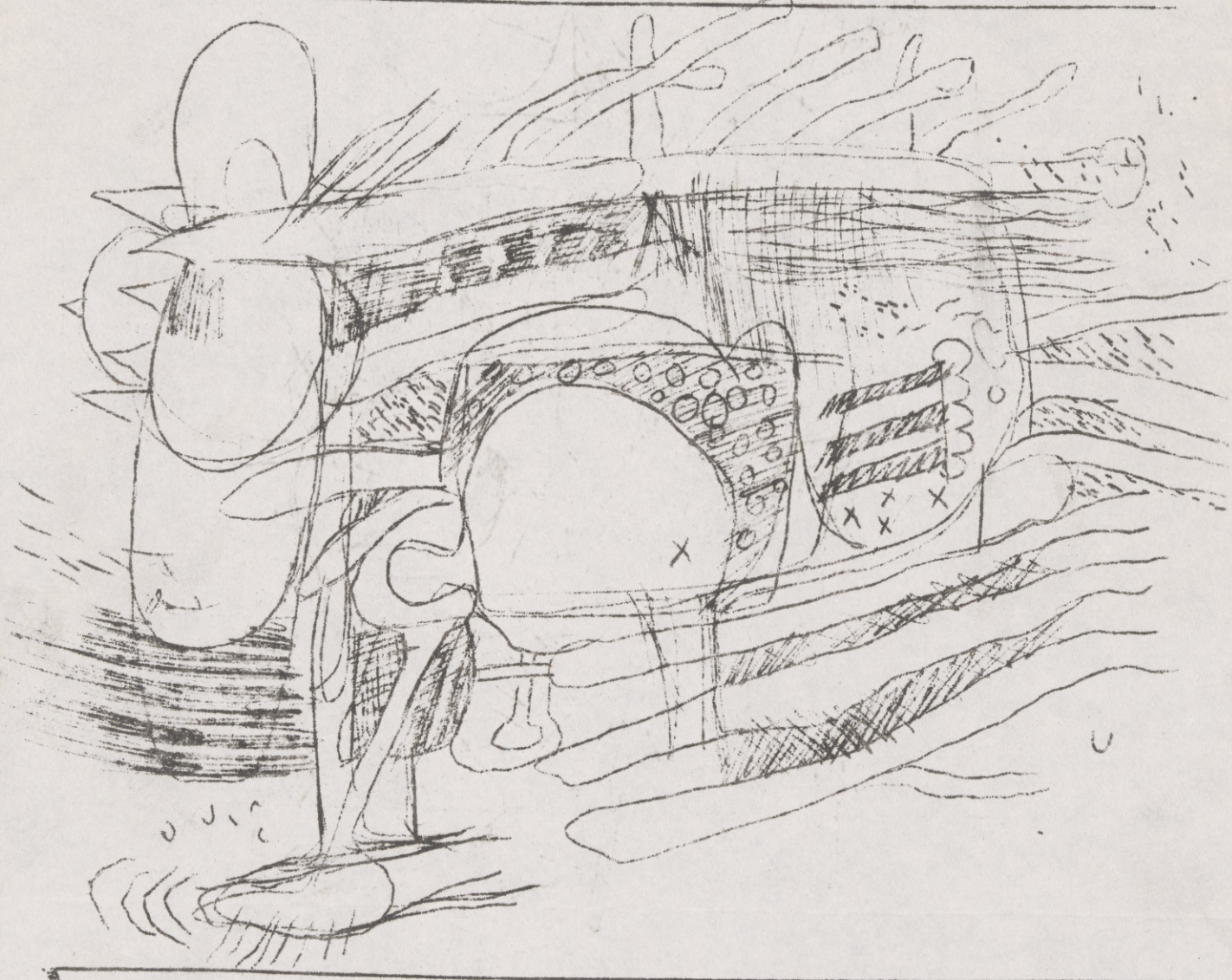
the TOWER SFA

No. 7 APRIL 30, 1959

TOMORROW NIGHT IS

Proceeds will go towards a studentcouncil award for painting at the spring ********** show.

THE NIGHT...8:30



REYNOLD'S BABY BOY ARRIVES!!

9 LBS. 12 OZ.

TWO ONE MAN SHOWS PAINTINGS + DRAWINGS by

JUAN SANDOVAL
KEITH METZLER

6 MAY - 7 JUNE PREVIEW Tues. 5 MAY 7-10 PM Refreshments

GALLERY HOURS 1-5, 7-10 Daily, Closed Monday

RUSSIAN HILL GALLERY 1710 Valley St., San Francisco

Listen to the sighs in the night.

Listen to desires as great as months.

Listen to the wordless pleas of the passionful.

See them searching for the ephemeral ruby scented flower.

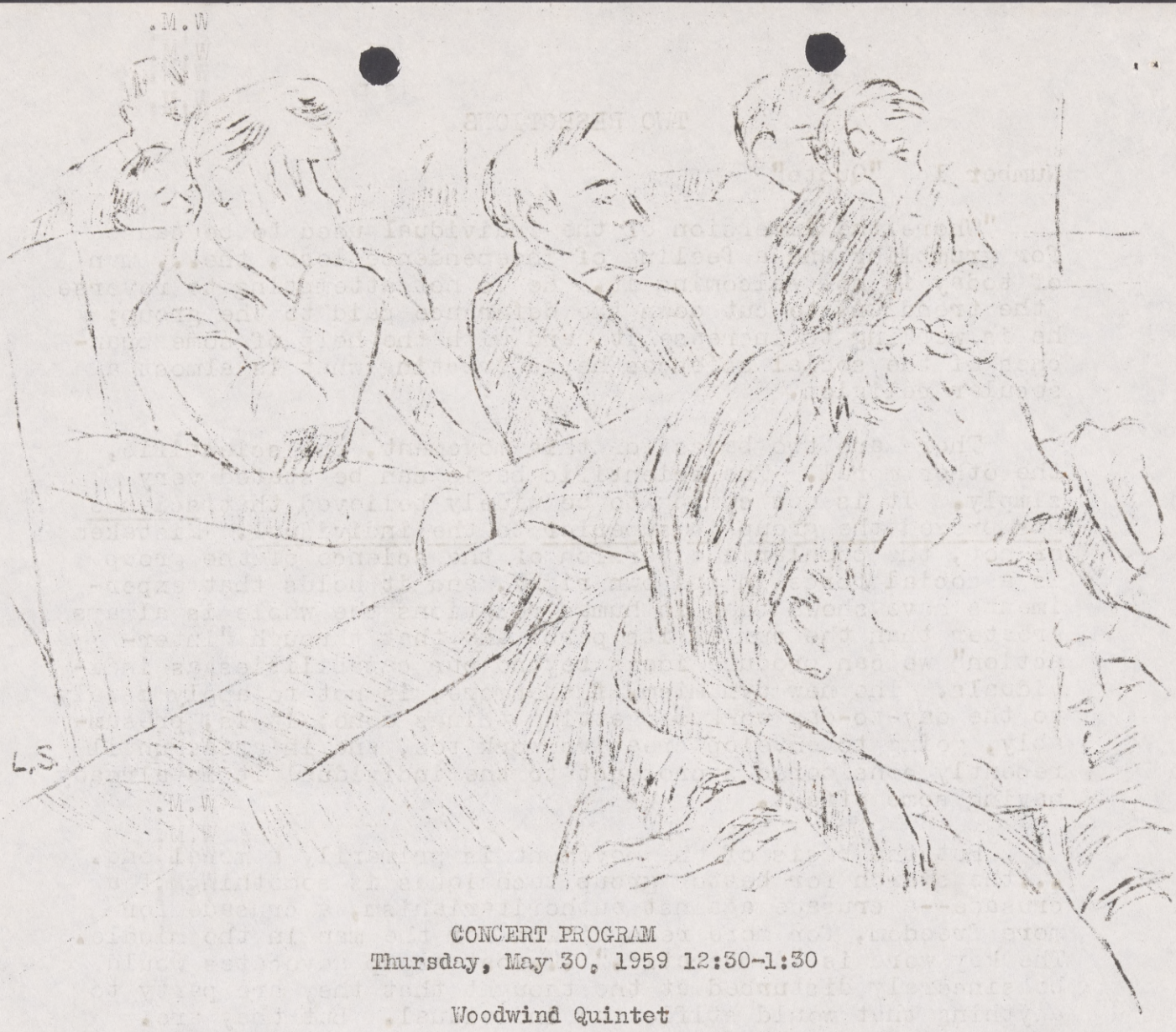
See them finding only bloodless gratification.

Tears of torture flood their souls.

Drown their souls.

For the Eternal Diamond scented flower.

Stephen A. Kelemen



CONCERT PROGRAM
Thursday, May 30, 1959 12:30-1:30

Woodwind Quintet

First Movement for Wind Quintet - Ibert

Variations on Have You Met Miss Jones

Trio - Pauline Oliveros

Quintet - Hindemith

For the Philosophers of the Tower:

I think one may safely assume that my constant fear for and search for soul means not that I care for it (soul) or that it is lost, but rather that I enjoy the morbid sense of loss and of need and the false sense of vitality due to ultimate crises continually renewed which comes from the assumption of soul's loss.

As a matter of fact, that diamond place, bearing the heart, with the light and the dark parts, is directly over and is the fruit of the coming together of the two ends of the twining line: it is really the curling home of Uroboros.

I will live yet among the singing fountains of the sun and of the moon. Their shadowed song will be the music of my day, their evening drops the signet of my night. And it will be true, then, that I will be marked with the waters of life; and I will have gone to live in the meadows of Hesperus. And so there for you, you philosophers.

Fred Martin

A N N O U N C E M E N T S

Student Mail is quite heavy in the office. Please check the rack.....

All school bills are due the 15th of May.....

Cafeteria credit has gone on a weekly basis.....

Spring Show coming soon!!!!.....

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TWO RESECTIONS

Number 1 "Quote"

"Where the immersion of the individual used to be cause for grumbling and a feeling of independence lost, the... man of today is now welcoming it. He is not attempting to reverse the trend and to cut down the deference paid to the group; he is working to increase it, and with the help of some branches of the social sciences he is erecting what is almost a secular religion.

There are two bases for this movement, one scientific, the other moral. The scientific basis can be stated very simply. It is now coming to be widely believed that science has proved the group is superior to the individual. Mistaken or not, the popularized version of the science of the group is a social force in its own right, and it holds that experiments have shown that in human relations the whole is always greater than the sum of its parts and that through "interaction" we can produce ideas beyond our capabilities as individuals. The new dynamism, futhermore, is not to apply merely to the day-to-day work of getting things done; it is, presumably, going to envelop creative work too, and in areas until recently considered sanrosanct to the individual it is already having some effect.

But the basis of the movement is primarily a moral one. ...the search for better group techniques is something of a crusade--a crusade against authoritarianism, a crusade for more freedom, for more recognition for the man in the middle. The key word is "democratic." ...most group advocates would be sincerely disturbed at the thought that they are party to anything that would stifle the individual. But they are.

...it is true that the group is tremendously effective in bringing out different points of view that would otherwise remain latent, that together members of a group can see more possible lines of action than if they were consulted individually; it is true that genius cannot function in a vacuum and that interaction with others in the field can be vastly stimulating and, indeed, often indispensible.

The central fallacy, I beleive, lies in what can be called false collectivization. The most misguided attempt at false collectivization is the current attempt to see the group as a creative vehicle. Can it be? People very rarely think in groups; they talk together, they exchange information, they adjudicate, they make compromises. But they do not think; they do not create. The messiness of intuition, the aimless thoughts, the unpractical questions-- all these things that are so often the companion to discovery are anathema..." to the world of the collectivizer.

William H. Whyte, Jr.
The Organization Man pp53-58

Number 2 "Quote"

Startled cry and silent wings
on some deserted lost like crop of stone,
whirling, swirling
the wind stops and
black cats stare with yellow eyes

Then I saw the tangled garden glowing,
Constantinople's shimmering towers
all gold, all golden flowers

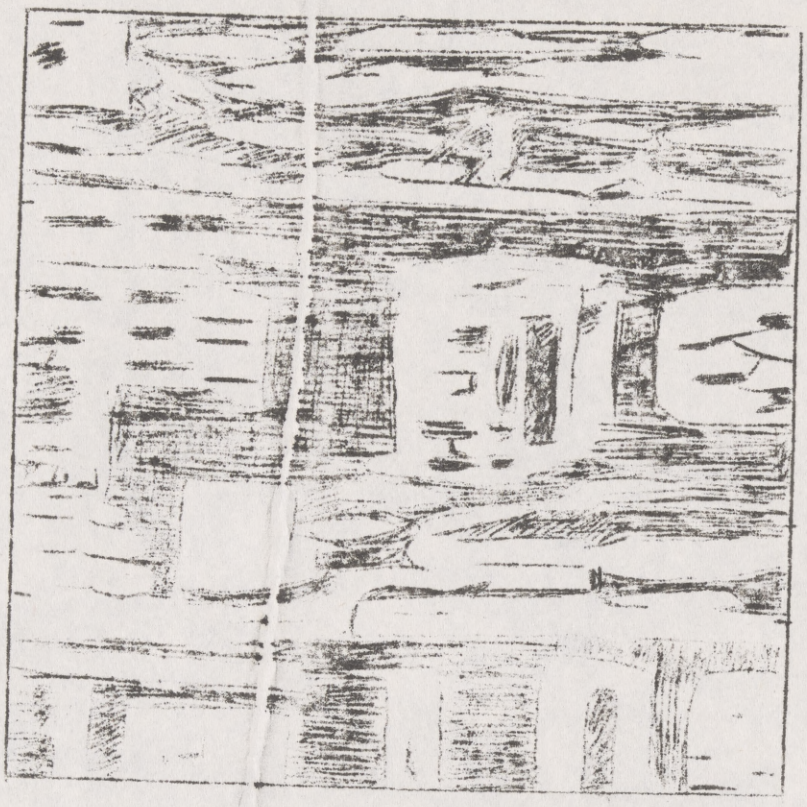
The boughs swaying
we are saying
the feeling should be coming out
into the body the juices ran
and out they ran
Bleak Landing was my goal
and we are there too.

Collective Poem
December 1958

SEASCAPE

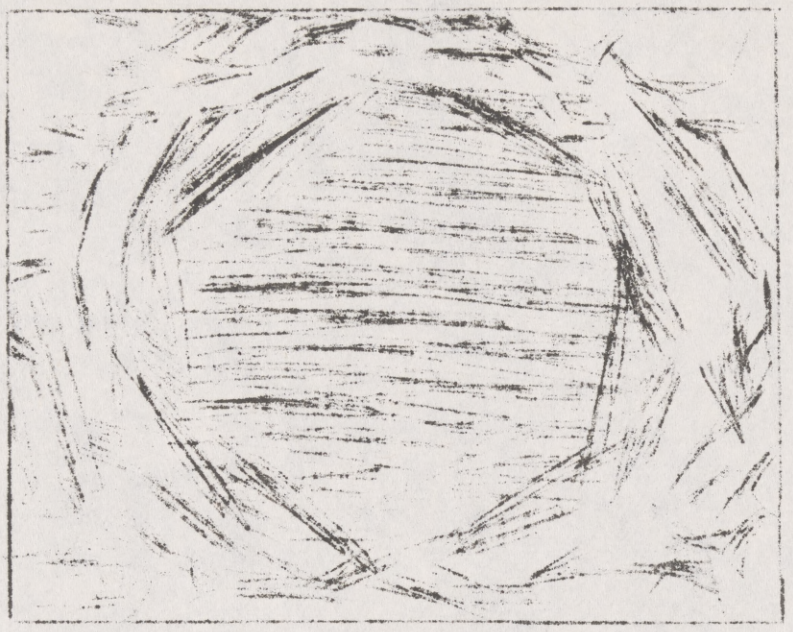
OLIVER GORDON

The land is reaching out to the sea this morning.
It is late, the boats with nets have passed this
way.
How far the sea this morning where it touches
the sky.
How far where the sand and surf become one.



The sea is stretching wide this morning.
Stretching wide with arms a soft caress
upon the beach.
Sweet the world around me; naked
in the fleeting quiet.

The whispered rythm of the surf, the winging
of a large billed hunter.
The dark pines, garding the shore, carved
against the rushing sky.



The peace, soon to be lost, only breaths remain.

Written in an Emergency

I can't
Go home
No mo'
'Cuz daddy
dun et'
All the door knobs.

Caesar, came down Madison Avenue

On a Stain-~~Less~~-Steel-Steed,

And screamed,

"Hell is where there is no ;

Hate---

Love---

Mosquitoes---

Reindeer.

Buddah and Santa -Claus are both fat as hell.

What this country needs is a good five-cent cadillac.

AND WILL YOU PLEASE STOP REFERRING TO YOUR MOTHER

IN TERMS OF ENDEARMENT!"

But no one heard because

they were all on the way to church.

Phil Perkis

Whence?
Whither?
This must we
Wonder of all
Things.

It seems,
When we have gazed
For endless centuries
On starry skies and teeming life,
Like this:

Stars and
Planets, life and
Love, go on forever;
On and on and on they go---in
Circles.

This
We see
From careful
Observation.
So?

Nor do
Modern physics
Theories help us find a
Place to start or goal to
Aim for.

Euclid
Taught that all straight
Lines go on and on in
Both directions to infinity;
But no.

(OVER)

They tell
Us now a line,
Thought straight, yet doubles back
And meets to form an infinite
Circle.

But
Where does
That leave us?
Nowhere very
Clear.

A
Circle
Can have no
Start and never
Ends.

And when
We strive and pray
To reach the Infinite,
We only find another
Circle.

"Whence?" and
"Whither?" indeed.
What point, what "Good," what
"Truth,"
What "God" can mankind find in
Circles?

Judy Buck

A Poem

Draw a straight line
that might get dirty.

The little girls will have babies,
Someday, little girls will have babies.
As a case of sniffles;
The grass grows,

Little by little,
someday there will be a new cry.

Draw a straight line
that might get dirty.

As dirty rooms and solitude
Lay sleepily,
Though a million sleep.

Turn your hips and give birth.

Draw a straight line
that might get dirty.

Sunday (or someday),

In the shallow long century,
Like most centuries,
Give birth to that creature. . .
That creature of malice (and still remember Sunday;)

Draw a straight line that might get dirty

("Forgive me Father for I have sinned.")??

And everything else.

T. Houser

Colossal limestone group showing King Amenhotpe III and Queen Teye, with smaller figures of their daughters. Found at Medinet Habu in 1847 and now in the Cairo Museum. Height 23 feet.

TO FIND AN ETERNAL.
LIVE AND DIE THERE.

TO BE SURROUNDED BY AN EVERLIVING...
WITHOUT OPINIONS, WITHOUT JUDGEMENTS...
AN ETERNAL WITH NO DESIRE TO QUESTION...

TO FOLD IN THE LAP OF THE SPHINX...
IMBEDDED IN THE SYMBOLIC MOUNTAIN...
TO DRIFT IN THE VACUUM OF THE UNIVERSE,
COVERED BY STARS...

TO FINALLY LIVE IN PEACE.

BUT NOW THERE IS NO PEACE, AND AS I
SEEK THIS ETERNAL
I FIND I'M GROPING IN THE NOTHINGNESS TO FIND
SUPPORT....
THE MOUNTAIN CRUSHES AND SUFFOCATES....
AND IN THE LAP OF THE SPHINX ARE THE BITING
SNATCHING
JAWS OF INSECTS AND SNAKES.

STEPHEN A. KELEMEN